WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF FELT & TARRANT
Comptometer
MEDLEY

COMPTOMETER MEDLEY

1956

No. 12 NEW SERIES

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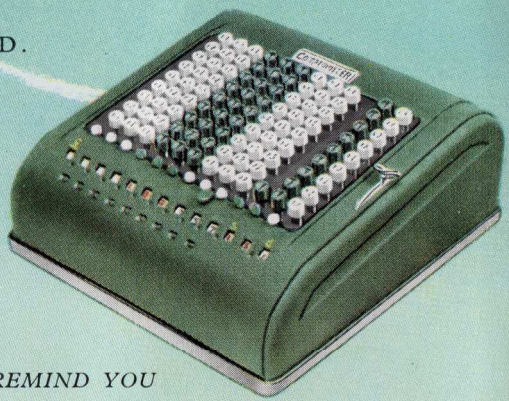
A copy of each edition is sent free to every operator on Felt & Tarrant's mailing list. The intention is to interest and encourage Comptometer Operators for the benefit of themselves and employers.



MAY WE REMIND YOU

the name "Comptometer" belongs to Felt & Tarrant and cannot rightly be used for any other make of Adding & Calculating Machine. For many years, in fact, Felt & Tarrant's slogan has been

"If it's not made by Felt & Tarrant it's not a Comptometer."

Irish Overture

with SKIPPING and DANCING

YES, let Ireland start us off this time. Here, surely, is a new record. Northern Ireland Champion Skipper of the Girls' Brigade for three years in succession, runner-up for the All Ireland Championship held in Dublin; holder of twenty-five medals and four cups for skipping.

Not bad going for a sixteen-year-old lass who had also passed all her examinations in ballet dancing except the final, and this she hoped to achieve when she became seventeen.

As if this were not enough for one so young, Joyce Higgins has also appeared in shows produced by the Ulster Operatic Company at the Grand Opera House, Belfast, her latest one being " Perchance to Dream " by Ivor Novello.

Now let's see if we have missed anything. Oh yes. " This year," writes Joyce, " I am entering for solo work with a beachball as I am now too old for the skipping competitions."

We are not quite sure how you work solo with a beach ball but we would certainly like a demonstration.

Now can there by anything else crowded into so few years? Perhaps you have guessed. " At present," Joyce concludes, " I am training to be a Comptometer Operator at Belfast."

Here is Joyce Higgins in action. She hails from Lisburn, Co. Antrim.

Photo by Studio Seven, Belfast

Taken for a Ride in Scotland

The above picture shows the party fording the River Dee. Nora is on Peter, the black horse in front.

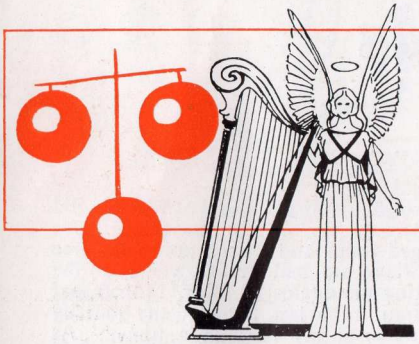
AFTER sitting all day in an office, the best way to spend holidays and leisure time is in the open air. At least, so thinks Miss Nora Richmond of Cambuslang, Lanarkshire. Nora and her sister Marjory are keen Youth Hostellers and spend most of their holidays hiking round Scotland's beauty spots.

This summer, by way of a change, they decided to try pony-trekking and voted it a grand holiday indeed.

On the first day they were introduced to their ponies and taught how to saddle, bridle, mount and dismount, also how to handle them, and then they were taken for a short ride. Every day after that the party of eight girls with their leader set off, with packed lunches, into the heart of lovely Deeside, much loved by our Royal Family. They climbed hills, forded rivers and picnicked in some of the finest beauty spots. The ponies are sturdy lovable creatures who soon get to know their own rider and in which pocket she keeps the sugar lumps. They are also inquisitive, as Nora found when she tried to take a snapshot of Marjory on Ben, a lively white pony which took first prize at a show that week. Whenever Ben saw the camera he immediately came up to investigate. He wanted to know what was in the wee black box—sugar lumps perhaps?—and the only way the snap could be taken was by sneaking up quietly when he wasn't looking. Even then Nora was only in the nick of time before he spotted her!

Nora would like to recomend this type of holiday to any open-air lovers, with one word of advice which they themselves followed, namely, try and have at least one riding lesson a short time before the holiday begins. In this way you have time to get over the stiffness caused by muscles being brought into play for the first time and you are then able to get full enjoyment of the trek.

Nora was trained in Glasgow school in 1952 and is employed by Redpath, Brown & Co. Ltd., Glasgow.



Film Star AT GLASGOW SCHOOL

COMPTOMETER pupils at Glasgow were delighted when Miss Diane Cilento visited their School and told them of her experiences while filming " A Woman For Joe." The location was a real circus in support of Diane's role of lion-tamer. Her first screen appearance was as the " Angel Who Pawned Her Harp " and she was seen later in " Passage Home." She made an impressive stage appearance in " Arms and the Man " at the Arts Theatre.

Miss Cilento was in Glasgow playing Helen of Troy in " Tiger At The Gates," a stage play which later appeared in London and then opened on Broadway, New York, last October. Both the play and Diane Cilento were widely acclaimed by the American newspapers.

Diane had a friendly word for all the pupils and told them she thought the Comptometer " bewilderingly clever " and there is no doubt that she meant it. There is also no doubt that the pupils meant it when they said " Diane is a very, very nice girl to meet."

Diane was born in Australia where she lived until she was fourteen. She then trained in America and London for her career as an actress. Her father is Sir Raphael Cilento, one of Australia's foremost health specialists, and her mother is a doctor too.

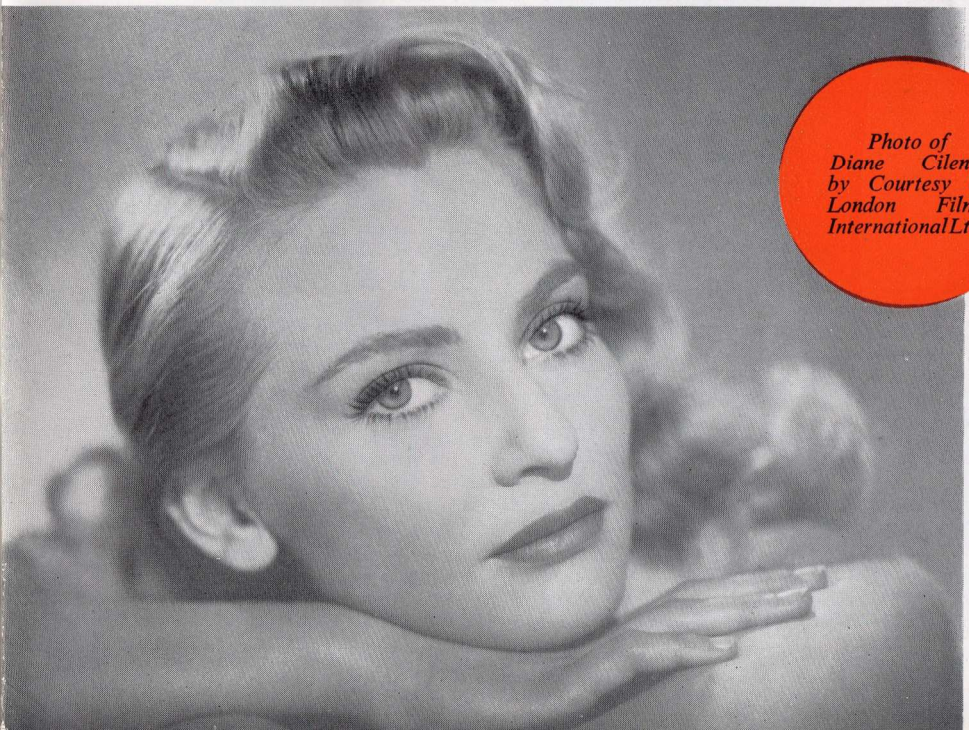


Photo of Diane Cilento by Courtesy of London Films International Ltd.

Up in the clouds

By EVELYN A. GILBERT, LEICESTER

THE "high spot" of a holiday in Interlaken, Switzerland, is the summit of Jungfraujoch. It is 11,333 feet above sea level, the highest point that can be reached by railway in Europe. The Jungfrau dominates Interlaken. It is snow-capped all the year round. One of the most magnificent sights is to see the pink tones of the evening sky reflected on this massive mountain. This alpine glow appeared on our second night at Interlaken and, as this is a prediction of fine weather, we decided to make the exciting climb.

We set off enthusiastically the following morning. After a short brisk walk we boarded a train at Wilderswil which carried us through the small villages of Wengen and Wengernalp to Kleine Scheidegg. We changed trains and passed above the tree line where we had perfect views of the towering mountains of Eiger, Monch and Jungfrau. The last hour of the journey was made slowly through a tunnel. At Eigerwand and Eismeer stations we got out for a few minutes to absorb the loveliness of mountain scenery. We were now amid the snow.

Miss Gilbert, who is Chief Operator at Cascelloid Ltd., Leicester, is here seen on a visit to Grindelwald.

We reached Jungfraujoch station about noon and found ourselves in a cold world dominated by ice and snow. We were advised to have lunch first, partly to warm us (piping hot soup served) but also to get accustomed to the thin atmosphere before attempting anything strenuous. Notices warned visitors to walk slowly. After refreshments, we eagerly climbed the slippery path to the summit of Jungfraujoch and arrived a little breathless. We were glad to pause for a while to admire the wonderful panorama of snowclad Alpine peaks of the Bernese Oberland.

At our feet lay Aletschgletscher, fifteen miles long and the largest glacier in Europe.

Our next thrill was to enter the Ice Palace—a grotto hewn out of the solid ice of the glacier. The most striking feature of this, apart from the intense cold, was the transparent greenish-blue of the ice walls and pillars which supported the arched ceiling. By the modern light of electric lamps, visitors were enjoying the unique experience of skating inside a glacier.

We then went to the Aletschgletscher where there were exhilarating rides on sleighs drawn by teams of polar dogs, and those huskies really seemed to enjoy their work.

Two hours quickly passed and it was time to board the train for the descent. Back again in Kleine Scheidegg, a halt was made for tea, and there was time to buy souvenirs and gather a variety of Alpine flowers.

Words can never do justice to a holiday in Interlaken and the Bernese Oberland. The memories of its awe-inspiring beauty are so vivid that I often find myself still in the clouds.

Holiday Princess

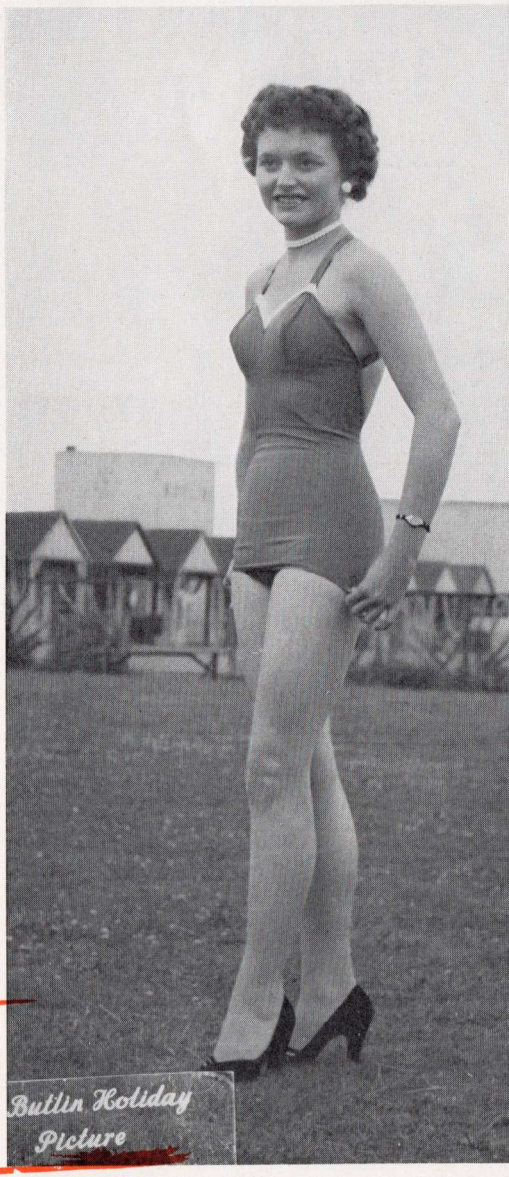
Northampton Girl wins 2nd place at SKEGNESS

WHETHER you like holiday camps or not, you must admit that there's always plenty going on. The organisers do all they can to cater for every waking moment and to waken you early enough to take part in the festive round. If you happen to be one of those persons who prefer to climb mountains alone, or to have a quiet morning in bed until the day has warmed up, you will never get within miles of an organised holiday. On the other hand, if you are often lonely through no fault of your own, you will gladly turn at holiday-time to the warmth and friendship of the camps.

One glance at the picture on this page shows one of the reasons why the male sex is attracted to holiday-camps, and we think they are quite right.

Mary Wigley was at Butlin's, Skegness, last summer with hundreds of other chalet dwellers. One of the weekly attractions is the selection of a Holiday Princess. About one hundred and fifty girls entered during the same week as Mary and fifteen of them, including Mary, paraded again in the Theatre the next night for the finals. It was a very near thing and Mary just missed first place. Looking at her photograph again, however, we wouldn't mind betting that one or two 'firsts' await her in the future.

Mary, who has just turned twentyone, tells us she has auburn hair and that her height is exactly one inch over five feet.



Butlin Holiday Picture

Mary Wigley is an Operator at British Timken, Ltd.

Photograph by courtesy of Butlin's Photographic Services Ltd.

My career

This article by Mary Willes (formerly Nasmyth) will not only interest her former colleagues in the Midlands; it also gives all Operators a tale of varied experiences to compare with their own.

LITTLE did I know when I went to Birmingham Felt and Tarrant Comptometer School in 1931, and obtained my diploma, that it was the start of a very varied career.

I went first as a junior Comptometer Operator with Messrs. Courtauld's Ltd., Coventry, and remained there for four years. I then became assistant supervisor at the Daimler Shadow Factory, gaining experience for a further two years. Afterwards I went into Local Government service with Coventry Transport the week before war broke out in 1939. Within a few weeks most of the men were detailed for special jobs on civil defence, leaving the girls to cope with any jobs that remained. Here was a chance to see office life from many angles. I had to learn rates of pay and all about sick benefits. I had to make up the wages and, of course, help to pay them. On one occasion I acted as a commissionaire, coping with all types of callers, many of whom had problems which needed careful and tactful handling.

Our home was completely destroyed during the bombing of Coventry. My fiancé flew down from Orkney and, as there seemed little prospect of getting another home for some time, we decided to marry right away and do so within forty-eight hours. He was a regular in the R.A.F., which entailed a great deal of moving about. Within a fortnight we were living a new life in Kirkwall, which is a small cathedral town in Orkney off the north-east of Scotland. To me it seemed like the ends of the earth.

The island folk, many of them descendants of the Vikings and Spaniards (survivors of the Armada), were kind and helpful if they took a fancy to Southerners, but their island was overcrowded with troops and their wives and families.

About this time, married women were being called up for National Service. I volunteered for a job on the island and became book-keeper in the Orkney County Council Surveyor's Office until my husband was posted about twelve months later.

After another two years I lost my child at birth. Then, recovered from a serious illness, I moved to London and started work in Cricklewood as assistant manageress of wages. Later I was invited to join the Ministry of Aircraft Production in the Executive Branch and train as an auditor. This was a grand job and a very interesting one, although I had to work very hard until I qualified. It was my good fortune to visit Maintenance Units, R.A.F. Stations and many types of aircraft factories. We saw how many items were made either for airmen's equipment or parts of aircraft. There was one thrilling moment when I saw an aircraft I had just been working on handed over to the Fleet Air Arm. When the war ended I was sent to two Regional pay offices with the audit party. Somehow, however, the old enthusiasm was lost when the war was won and many of the temporary staff felt they did not want to stay in the civil service in spite of the special entrance examinations for them.

Like many war-time marriages, mine turned out to be a failure. I obtained a divorce and, once again a free agent, took an emergency teachers' training course in Bristol. After a full twelve months I collapsed with overwork and decided not to go through with the training. During this period, however, I became secretary of the National Union of Students, which meant that for several years I was lucky enough to have the most interesting holidays abroad, mixing with students of all nationalities in various parts of France and Italy. This produced many friendships and was an education in itself.

I eventually returned to my home town of Coventry and took a job with a firm of Chartered Accountants in Birmingham as an audit clerk and Comptometer Operator. This involved much travelling in the Midlands. Later I became statistical officer with the West Midlands Gas Board and was quite happy there until the opportunity arose, some fifteen months later, to go into the Treasury. It meant not only a knowledge of accountancy, but quantity survey-

When Mary married Squadron-Leader John Willes it was her second marriage to a regular R.A.F. Officer.

Photo by courtesy of Coventry Evening Telegraph

MY CAREER *(contd.)*

ing as well, and the worry caused a breakdown in my health. I was transferred to the Rates Section. This was a fascinating job and I enjoyed every minute of a very full day. With the knowledge I had acquired over the years I bought a very old house in Coventry and had it practically rebuilt and let it furnished as bed-sitting rooms.

Then I had the good fortune to meet the man who was to become my husband. We were married at Allesley Church near Coventry on March 12th, 1955. Thus for the second time in my life I have married a regular R.A.F. Officer. After a honeymoon in sunny Italy, we started our married life in R.A.F. Officers' Married Quarters at Hillingdon, Middlesex. Within a fortnight I joined British European Airways at London Airport as a Comptometer Operator in the Technical Costs Section.

I began my career as a Comptometer Operator and am now delighted to be back on the machine again. It is a good career for any girl because it provides so many opportunities for advancement.

Proud to be an Operator

WRITING from America, Mrs. Elsie Simpson of Baildon, near Bradford, says "The operators over here seem to be looked upon as something really good. I can hardly explain the feeling they create when they ask what your job is and you tell them. Yes sir, I feel really proud over here when I say I'm a Comptometer Operator and they tell me I can get a really fine job anywhere."

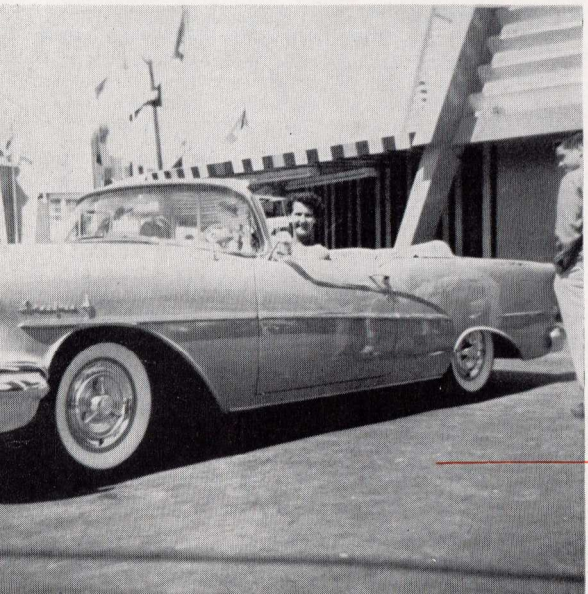
In spite of that, Mrs. Simpson was unable to stay for one of those good salaries that America provides. She was only on a visit which was made possible by a war-time friendship with an Irish girl who married an American soldier. The holiday seemed all too short, but it gave Mrs. Simpson time to explore Northern Michigan, right in the heart of the deer country, as well as the upper part of Michigan which is divided from the rest by water and where the only link at present is a ferry.

Mrs. Simpson's friends live at Pontiac, about forty miles from the famous Niagara Falls. She writes of the beauty of the trees there with reds, yellows, orange and green all so much more colourful than anything she had ever seen.

Although the prices of houses and certain other things are terribly costly compared with ours, food and clothing seem reasonable and well within the budget of the average income, which is high by British standards. The people are exceptionally friendly, with a readiness to have fun and enjoy life.

Mrs. Simpson, whose seven-year-old daughter Pamela accompanied her throughout, returned to Southampton on the Queen Mary, thus getting a further thrill at the end of a journey she will never forget.

Mrs Simpson was trained in Bradford Comptometer School in 1944 and works for Henry Mason (Shipley) Ltd.



Mrs. Elsie Simpson is here seen at the wheel of a car that most people only dream about. She tells us it is "just the job" for Comptometer Operators to run about in (in America, of course!)

FEATHERS OFF at Leicester

OPERATORS at Leicester Reunion were astonished when members of the Band came in and started performing all kinds of antics with a chicken. Eventually six girls were brought to the stage to guess the bird's weight. In the photograph you see the winner, Mrs. Haines, but what a shock when she found she had to start plucking it. Mr. Pickering, Band Leader, kindly holds it for her while the feathers begin to fly.

Many Operators came in by road from Northampton, Kettering, Corby, Stamford, Peterborough, Bedford and Spalding. Jolly good show!

HANDS OFF at Cardiff

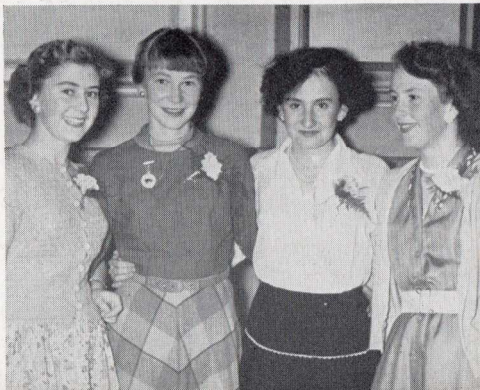
WHAT agony! What suspense while Frank Holmes does his magic at Cardiff Reunion! How will the Operator work her Comptometer when that terrible knife descends and removes her right hand? Need we say that this episode, like the whole evening, had a happy ending?

Photo by County Photo, Cardiff

BLUES OFF at Bradford

THIS happy quartette will at once be recognised by hundreds of Operators who attended their Bradford Reunion.

Photo by Arthur Blakey, Shipley



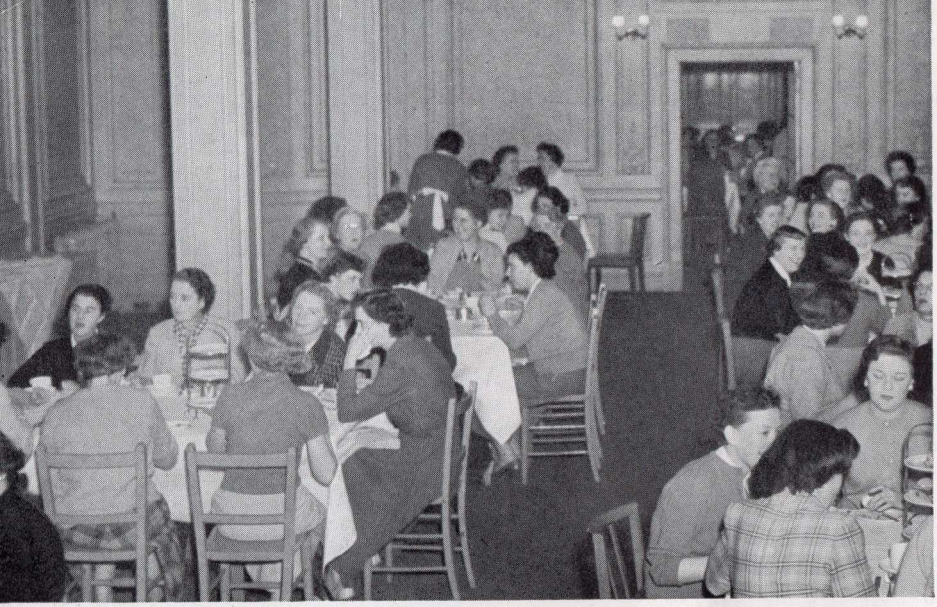


Photo by J. Campbell Harper Ltd.

At Edinburgh Reunion

the guests enjoyed a meal in the famous "supper room," part of the magnificent suite at the Assembly Rooms.

The Entertainments

at Bradford, Leeds, Manchester, Liverpool and Birmingham were breezily compered by Bill Waddington, seen below with a bevy of Leeds Operators. Appearing with him were Richard Murdoch, Tano Ferino, Spence & Davis and our old friend and accompanist Ted Clifford, who also kept an eye on arrangements behind the scenes.

Photo by The Yorkshire Post

INDIA QUEEN

How does a Scots girl win a title that sounds so Eastern?

Each year the India Tyre & Rubber Co. of Inchinnan hold a competition for their staff throughout Britain. Last year the winner was chosen by the well-known Scots comedian, Jack Radcliffe. You see her above, seventeen-year-old Carol Cook of Renfrew, who trained in Glasgow Comptometer School in 1954.

Photo by Ross Studio, Dublin

Dublin Reunion — musical refreshments

Irish Fashion

WHEN "Women's Own" made a nation-wide search for a cover girl, Miss Evelyn Malloy of Dublin (left) was among the final ten girls chosen from the Republic of Ireland. Trained in Dublin Comptometer School in 1951, Evelyn changed over from operating to mannequin work in 1954 and has since modelled for several firms in the South of Ireland. Quite a model operator, in fact.

Belfast and in they are 'operative' operators

VOUCHERS FOR FIVE GIRLS WHO RECENTLY HAD OPERATIONS

Photo by Francis M. Neill, Belfast

Photo by City Engraving Co. Ltd., Hull

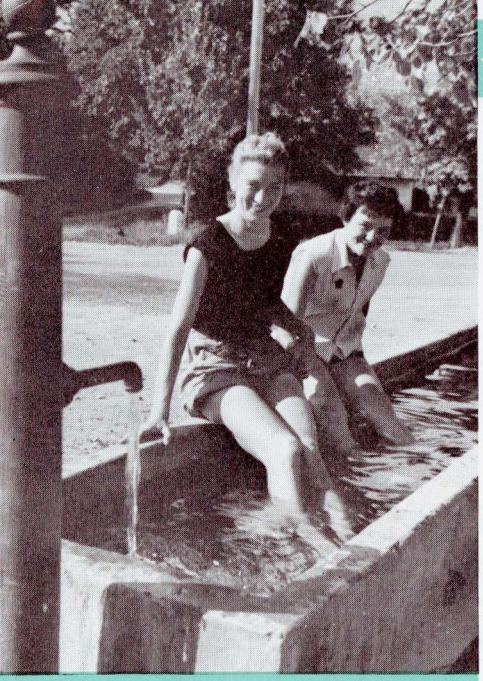
Laughing like HULL

SEEMS as good a title as any. At least three operators are having to hold their jaws in position and others seem almost as near that condition known as side-splitting. Would it be Frank Holmes and Bob Hulland from The Nuffield Centre Show? Not that other Shows went unrepresented. There was Peter Regan, singing star from the Jack Jackson Show, also Clive Allen and Bobby Joy from the Geraldo Show. Add to this Tommy Fisher and His Music and Hull district operators went home feeling they wouldn't have missed it for anything.

COVENTRY INTERVAL

THE operators below were caught between the stage acts and during their own act of consuming refreshments. This is the typical break at all Comptometer Reunions when girls renew old friendships and relay all the latest news. The latter may be called current gossip in some circles but we are never quite sure which circles we move in. Are you?

Photo by Yeldham Unwin, Coventry



The mishaps are related by Mrs. Eileen Butler (nearest camera) who is seen cooling down at Hosskirch. Mrs. Butler trained in Nottingham Comptometer School fourteen years ago

How NOT to do it

HUBBIE and wife team up with another married couple for a cycling holiday in the Black Forest, Germany. Over to Ostend and put the saddlebags on a train for Strasbourg. Go for a drink. Train goes off early, or drink goes on late, and four cyclists stranded without luggage in Ostend.

Get to Strasbourg later, see the British Consul, but no see saddlebags containing most of their money and everything except what they stand up in.

Go into a huddle and decide how they can still finance a fortnight's holiday by being very frugal. Men grow beards; clothes grow delapidated; wandering's cut short through lack of funds. Caught and drenched by terrific thunderstorm (their capes were in the saddlebags). Reach Austria in spite of all difficulties. Many funny incidents owing to absence of luggage. Wives a bit jealous as French girls like stroking husband's beards.

A happy ending all the same. Saddlebags turn up three months later and not a thing missing, not even the money.

and HOW to do it

by Miss R. Partridge of Swindon

Dig, dig, dig the foundations

Paint, paint, paint the woodwork

THE things Comptometer girls do! Well, I've helped to build a bungalow in my spare time. There were no flats to be found, so my fiancé and I built our own bungalow. As simple as that—so we thought. Since then we've bought a plot of land, dug out foundations, ordered materials from building sand to door latches, worked a cement mixer, painted miles of woodwork—and drunk pots of tea to keep the party going. Freezing in the winter winds, browning in the sun, we have worked through a complete year and are on the way to finishing quite soon. We've named it " Cedar Tops " because the roof is cedar shingles. It was exciting while it lasted, but after experiencing the " building trade " I've decided I prefer a Comptometer.

Miss Partridge is a Comptometer Operator with British Railways, Western Region.

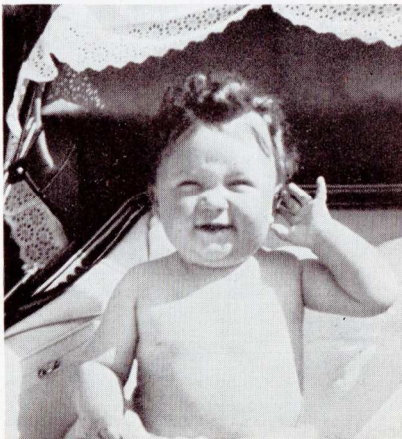
Photo by A. H. Bettis, London

Five of the Best

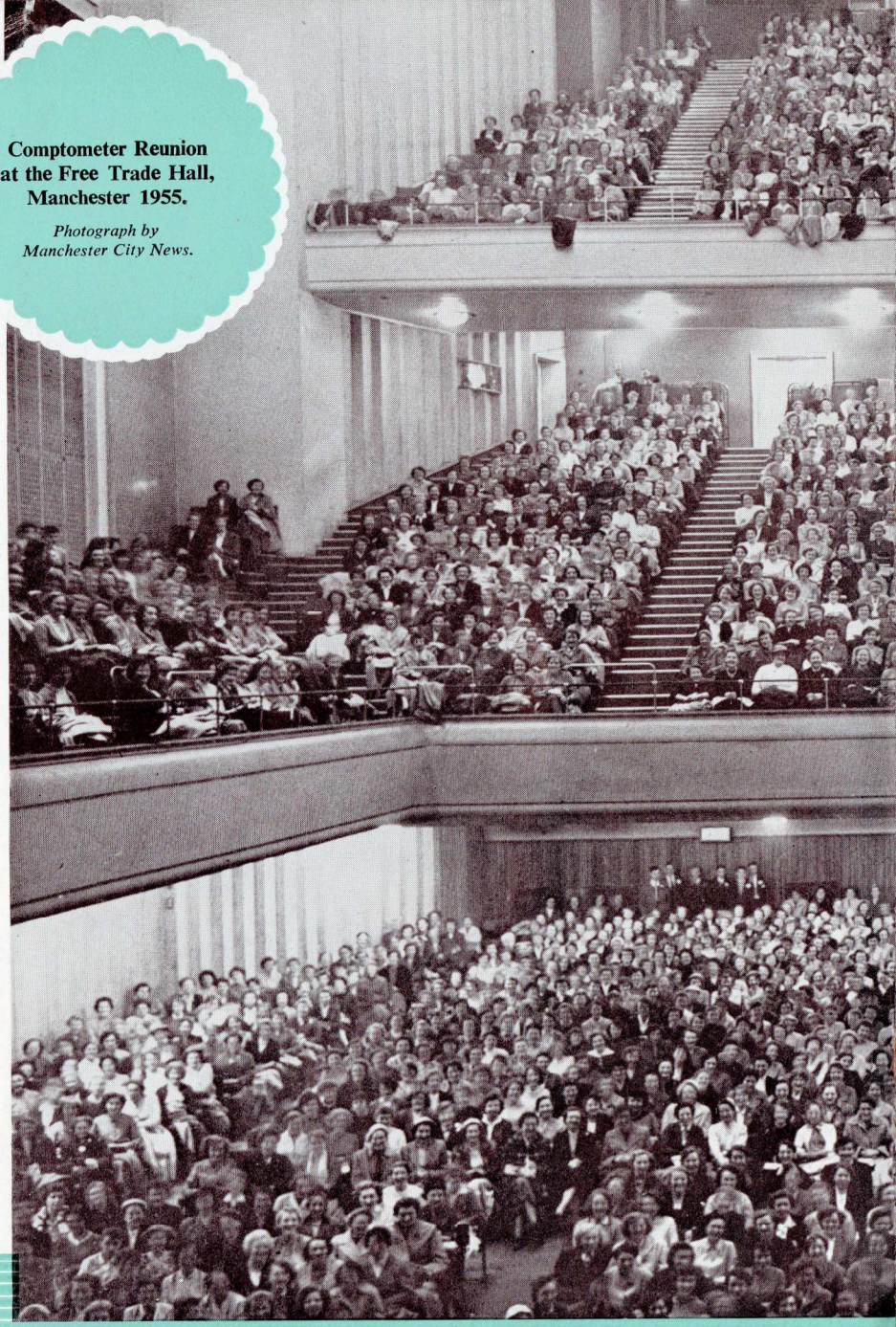
WHO said only four? Surely you overlooked that nice new model 992. O yes, we agree that the girls charmingly steal the picture. They are operators with the Eastern Electricity Board at Northmet House, London. The three on the right are the Newstead sisters, Vivienne, Barbara and Shirley. On the left is Ann who, being a cousin, makes it a real family affair.

All four went to Northmet House straight from school. Their main hobby is needlework. They are also enthusiastic helpers at all Sports Club affairs and social functions.

Laughing Irish Eyes



THIS pair belongs to Gillian Carolyn Stewart of Belfast, whose mother (formerly Sylvia Gordon) was an operator for ten years with Ulster Weaving Co. Sylvia combined her work with several happy years as a soprano, singing solo for the B.B.C. as well as with Northern Ireland Singers.



Comptometer Reunion at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester 1955.

Photograph by Manchester City News.

The most impressive R

eunion photo we have seen . . .

Bride

FORMERLY of Blaydon-on-Tyne (remember Blaydon Races) Mrs. Josephine Sheard, née Usher, moved to Staveley, near Chesterfield, when she married. Having been an operator with the National Coal Board in Newcastle for eight years, her employers kindly transferred her to a job near Bolsover, where she is very happy.

Bride & GROOM

ON the right are Mr. and Mrs. Lamb of Manchester coming down the aisle. Before the wedding Mrs. Lamb was Miss Nancy Thomas of Levenshulme, not far from her new home at Gorton. The honeymoon was spent in Cornwall, after which Mrs. Lamb returned to her operating job in the Wages and Superannuation Office of the North Western Gas Board.

Photo by Yeldham Unwin, Coventry.

Birmingham Arrivals

THE luxury coach is just in at the Central Hall, Birmingham, bringing a happy band of Operators from Joseph Sankey & Sons and Tarmac, both of Bilston, near Wolverhampton. We are told there was a merry sing-song on the journey and the girls were talking of the chances of attending reunions by space-ship some day. They must have been reading some of this "science fiction."

April in Adel

YES, it was April when this bridal procession left Adel Parish Church, Leeds. The bride, Patricia Jones, has been with a Leeds engineering firm for ten years and tells us that she still remembers how happy were the weeks in the Comptometer School. The photo was taken by Pat's friend, who is also an operator.

Old Time Dancing

Miss Pauline Hunt lives at Grays, Essex, and trained in London Comptometer School. Congratulations, Pauline, on your gold medal for dancing.

Old Time Family (1+1=7)

ONCE upon a time large families were the rule. Now they are exceptional, so we gladly show a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Cooper of South Woodford, London, in a group that also shows their three daughters, two sons and a friend. As Mildred Smith, this still young-looking operator trained in London when she was fourteen and went to work for Unilever Ltd.

In spite of so many responsibilities, Mrs. Cooper is still an active Health and Beauty "leaguer" and also belongs to other friendly and "keep fit" clubs in Essex. As she rightly says, "Never a dull moment."

It will not be long before three little girls are following mother's footsteps along the corridors to London Comptometer School.

Felt and Tarrant's New School at Newcastle-upon-Tyne

By Tyne & Tees

THE last of the season's reunions were held in May at Middlesbrough and Newcastle. They drew record attendances and went with a bang. Whereas all Felt and Tarrant reunions have been remarkable for that homely or family spirit, it has never been more in evidence than in this north-east division of England.

Somehow we feel that the most interesting photo for this page will be Newcastle's new School. Senior operators will know that we were at 12 Ellison Place almost as long as can be remembered. That building, however, was scheduled for demolition along with other premises in connection with a new College. The problem was to find alternative space big enough for the rapidly-increasing demands for operators, mechanical service, sales and administration. This was no easy quest, but we finally found the ideal in a new self-contained block in Blandford Street. This is central and convenient. Lighting and heating are modern and there is an airy spacious atmosphere that gives the best possible working conditions.

We invite all operators to call and see us at our new home.

FELT & TARRANT And you

ALL Felt & Tarrant Schools in Great Britain are scheduled employment agencies within the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952. Schools will be glad to see Comptometer Operators at any time, also to help them if they need permanent or temporary work or if they need advice. So make sure you are on the mailing list. Notify any change in your name or address. Claim your half-guinea bonus if you introduce a girl who is enrolled as a pupil. Your nearest School can show you blazer badges which you can buy at cost price if you wish, also Comptometer shield brooches at 1/6d. each. And remember, the new Model 992 is now available for trial.

EXPANSION at SHEFFIELD...

OPERATORS who recall Felt & Tarrant's former premises at East Parade will agree that the new Sheffield School (photograph above) is at least twice as roomy and twice as bright. The same description goes for the general office, the sales department and the rooms for the mechanics and service staff. In fact, everyone has more space in happier surroundings and will tell you that the premises are aptly named Paradise House. A part of their satisfaction may also spring from the unaccustomed ease of carrying machines and ageing bones up one flight of stairs instead of three.

There is no doubt that we had long outgrown the old home, but it was not easy to find a suitable alternative, especially when such a large room is needed for the School. In spite of all difficulties, however, the object has been achieved, and we invite all operators in Sheffield district to look in and see us at Paradise House, 3 Paradise Street, Sheffield 1. The phone remains the same, Sheffield 26052.

Sheffield reunion almost coincided with the removal to the new address but this did not prevent the Sheffield staff from organising the usual happy gathering.

AND NOW IN SOUTHAMPTON!

SOUTHAMPTON is often called the gateway to the world, and, as there is a world-wide and ever-growing demand for Comptometer Operators and service it seems appropriate that Felt & Tarrant's newest School and Branch should be in Southampton. You will find it at 12, Bargate in premises formerly occupied by Tyrrell & Green.

Here, then, are splendid training opportunities for girls in the areas of Southampton, Portsmouth, Bournemouth, Poole, Winchester and Salisbury. We hope Operators and our other friends will tell young girls, especially those leaving school this term or next, how glad we will be to give them full details of the training and subsequent well-paid employment in the above districts.

Our users, too, will welcome the still better and quicker service that a local Branch can provide. A cordial welcome is extended to all Operators and Users to visit our Southampton School or to telephone Southampton 21614 when they need quick service or assistance of any kind.

Twins—Diana and Pat Davies.

Mrs. M. K. Reesby and Miss G. E. Peters

Nottingham Pinpoints a WORLD WIDE fact

WE believe the above photographs from Nottingham Reunion will bring a special message to all Comptometer Operators and to all girls who may be wondering if they should enrol for training.

The fifteen year old twins had been in the School for just one week, whereas Mrs. Reesby and Miss Peters have already given thirty-six and forty-one years' service respectively. The photos show the pride and contentment that becomes even deeper as time goes by.

By the way, we congratulate the Welsh-born twins on already winning twenty-four medals and cups between them for swimming. We also congratulate them on their choice of career, and the veterans, who are with Messrs Boots, that the years rest on them so lightly.

Happy Corner at SWANSEA REUNION

Photo by Jack Thomas, Swansea

A Happy Section of Liverpool Reunion.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Bristol Reunion maintained its long tradition of attracting operators from far-off places in Wiltshire, Gloucestershire and Somerset. In the picture below, all the operators are from Westland Aircraft Co. Ltd., Yeovil. Nearly two hundred guests came from places more than thirty miles from Bristol.

Figure Fascination

0/2345678901234567

From U.S.A.

MRS. G. V. SMITH writes from across the Atlantic to say how much she enjoys the Medley from the old country. She looks forward to seeing the many photographs and has kindly sent hers in return. She also says:

"When I think back and recall I have been a Comptometer Operator for eighteen years it makes me begin to feel old, but my experience has been so wide and varied that time has swiftly flown by. Although in my present position I do not use the machine as much as I would wish, I must say that the thrill of operating is there as it was originally.

Training at the Birmingham School under splendid supervision soon enabled me to go out "on the road" gaining experience with many companies, large and small.

When I married in 1946 we lived in Stafford, and for a few years I devoted myself wholeheartedly to household duties.

Then we decided to emigrate to this country and my first impulse on reaching New York was to pay a visit to the Felt and Tarrant school. My imagination ran wild expecting some ultra-modern office with operators using the machines with such skill and agility that would put me to shame, especially as I had done no work of that nature for two years. I was asked if I would agree to take a general test, to which I consented and soon found myself right at home, the only errors being in tonnage extensions, as figuring the long ton instead of the short ton is used here.

We made our home in Buffalo and I found the same kindness and helpfulness in the school as in New York. So here in the country of the birth of the Comptometer I have had equally as much pleasure in operating as I did in England.

The office is one of the most modern in the city. We have music for half an hour out of every hour, also air-conditioning. The refreshment room is so well equipped with vending machines that no one need ever go hungry or thirsty."

Mrs. Smith (below) writes from New York "We girls at National Gypsum have much fun and take our work seriously at the same time, as may be noted by the arithmetical blouse—a Christmas gift from a colleague."

The girl receiving her Red Cross Grand Proficiency Award from Lady Nutting is Monica Bayliss. This is the highest award obtainable by Red Cross Cadets. Monica trained for seven years to achieve this distinction, and still found time to train as a Comptometer Operator in Leicester School in 1954 where, three years earlier, her sister Janet had also taken the course.

Red Cross in Leicestershire . . .

Both photographs on this page are by courtesy of the Leicester Mercury.

Also training for Red Cross examinations in first aid, mothercraft and home nursing is Ann Dyer (seated third from right). She has won proficiency medals in each of these subjects. Like Monica and Janet, her main job is Comptometer Operating following a course at Leicester School.

A Splendid Record

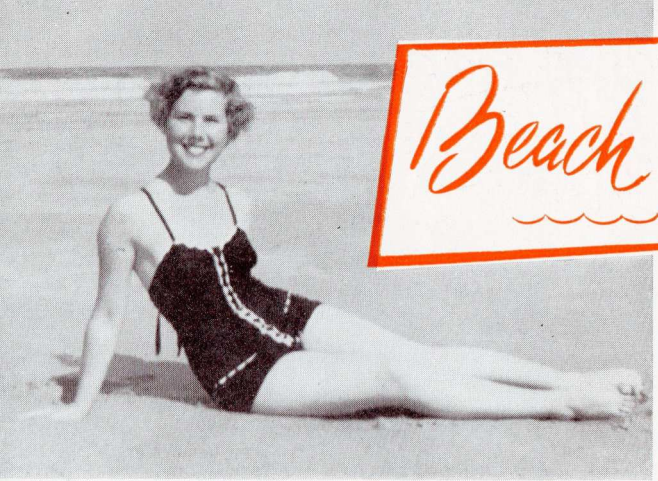
MISS ANNA D. COWELL has been a Comptometer Operator with Bremner & Co. Ltd., Glasgow, for twenty-five years. Recently her firm showed its appreciation of her services by presenting her with a marquesite watch and a silver tea service.

There is a lot of courage behind this good record. Anna was stricken by polio in babyhood and has been severely crippled all her life.

The photographs on this page show her at the last Glasgow Reunion where a crowd of twelve hundred operators declared that " she's a jolly good fellow."

Photographs by Studio Seven, Glasgow

To mark the occasion further, Miss Cowell was presented with a bouquet and a voucher by the Reunion Committee. She wrote afterwards to express her deep appreciation and said she would buy some tangible souvenir for her new home so that it would always remind her of Felt & Tarrant. We again salute a brave and charming lady.



Beach Belle

Barbara Townson entered the Sunday Mercury competition and reached the semi-finals. Trained in Birmingham School four years ago. Favourite pastime is swimming.

Sisters

I am Ethel Hinton (single link of pearls). Centre is Bessie. My other sister, Nellie, is on the left. My sisters are still Critchleys and live in Rochdale, but I have lived in Newport, Mon., since I married. We all trained at Manchester Comptometer School

Just Look!

And here are three more operators trained at Manchester. But what's going on? Or coming off? Well, it's just a bit of fun. and Mrs. Worthington (nee Shepherd) writes " How many brides wear pink and blue garters and dare have their photo taken like this? " Her operator friends, Miss R. Muckells and Miss A. Greenwood, are bent on helping the camera.

Photo by John Martin (Staffs.) Ltd., Hanley

USERS and operators in the Potteries quickly took advantage of Comptometer training and service facilities when the new Felt & Tarrant branch opened at Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent (see photo above).

Ever since the first Comptometer office came to London nearly fifty years ago, Felt & Tarrant have continued to open new schools and offices throughout the British Isles. Gradually these schools have grown, largely on the recommendation of former pupils.

NEW COMPTOMETER SCHOOLS

THE photo below shows the new School at Blackburn which gives girls in North Lancashire the same training facilities as those in Manchester and Liverpool. It is centrally situated (Refuge Assurance Buildings, Ainsworth Street) in a modern building near the Station and Bus Terminus. Miss E. Edwards, the School Principal, is justifiably pleased with the interest shown by local industry. Openings for operators are always increasing, so please put us in touch with any friends who may be interested. As in all districts, operators near these new centres receive the 10/6d. bonus for each pupil introduced and accepted. Also see page 22.

Photo by Gabriel, Blackburn

21 Twenty-

BY " it " we mean your magazine, the British edition of which was born in 1935. And that first fledgling, among other interesting things, celebrated the Silver Jubilee of Comptometer Offices in the United Kingdom, the first having been opened in 1910. It was also the Silver Jubilee year of our present Queen's grandparents. Among other landmarks, the first electric Comptometer was introduced (the good old " K " as we now call it).

Then, as now, Mr. H. C. Davidson was General Manager, and in his introduction to the first magazine he expressed a hope that grand assemblies of operators could be arranged to foster the common interests and family spirit of this great organisation. We all know how his wishes have come true in a remarkable series of Reunions throughout the British Isles, also how Felt & Tarrant has grown and prospered under his vigorous management.

From its inception, the magazine was to be " by, for or about Comptometer Operators." This gives it its special character, which is, may we say, a distinctive flavour and interest rather than literary or artistic perfection. The pages have always been gay and full of variety. Thousands of photographs of operators, and hundreds more taken by operators, have adorned the pages of these eventful years. Add to all this that every operator on the mailing list receives a free copy and you will see why we call it your very own magazine.

The mailing list has grown from under 10,000 to over 50,000. This indicates more than anything else the rapid increase in the use of Comptometers and why Schools have been enlarged and new ones opened. It also shows why well-paid jobs are always waiting for trained operators.

Retrospect

It is amusing to glance back at the early editions and recall things half-forgotten. It was some time before operators could be coaxed to send enough contributions to fill each number, so the space was partly filled by " gossip from the Branches." Weddings, staff changes, diploma winners, family matters, business exhibitions, operators' clubs for hockey, swimming, rambling and so forth, these and a host of other items were duly recorded. If there was still a little space, in went some wisecrack such as:

On the Golf-course

" Confound it, sir, you nearly hit my wife."

" Did I, old boy? Well have a shot at mine."

TV

Here lie the remains of a wireless fan,
Mourned by his many relations;
He looked for a gas-leak striking a match
And was picked up by twenty-one stations.

But gradually operators began to send snippets with a school flavour of which the following are typical:

Adding Books

A popular (?) part of the course. Pupils cannot understand why they get seven or eight different right answers to most columns.

Cross Casting

Or angry adding. Not the same as " down-casting " which means looking coy.

Diploma

She worked in a dream-like aroma,
And went through the course in a coma,
But one day she hustled
And rustled and bustled
And somehow she won her diploma.

Interview

Operator deciding if she'll take him for her boss.

Long Division

Gangway down centre of school.

Slip Adding

And don't you wish you could?

New Arrivals

Elsewhere we spotted an article headed " Both Doing Well " and found it referred to two new additions to the Comptometer family of machines. This was by no means the only story in which Comptometers

one years of it —

became persons rather than things. In 'Romance of a Well-Known Model" we discover that the title refers to a Model "J" telling the life-story of a Comptometer from its emergence at the Factory, through a long life in which various operators came, married and departed, and to the final scene where the old badly-worn model sadly but bravely contemplates its end.

"Here on the shelf, my case removed and my frame exposed, I am wondering what will happen next . . . how it will end. Like all metal, I came from the earth and was beaten and shaped to do man's will. Having served my purpose, it seems that I must go back into the earth again. Yet some day, who knows? I may be brought forth, rejuvenated and transformed to live another life. Parts of me may even find their way into those newer and faster machines of the future, machines which will carry still the high standard of breeding for which my family is famous. Many of the well-known features will have altered to keep ahead of the times, but the main characteristics of quality will endure for ever.

This thought makes me happy and softens the act of departure. And so, on this note of optimism, your servant leaves you."

Teething Trouble

And here is an extract from an article "Figures of Fun" which dealt in a light-hearted way with some earliest attempts at making a calculating machine:

"*About* 1000 *A.D., for example, a Spanish monk named Magnus made a machine of brass in the shape of a head. The figures were shown along the mouth where the teeth should be. Records say that the machine worked, but those were the days when no man trusted his neighbour and superstition was rife. Magnus's pals thought the invention was conjured up from the nether regions—in fact, an evil one with too many wisdom teeth—so they did a bit of conjuring themselves and the brass head mysteriously disappeared. So did Magnus.*"

All Star, All Blah

Then there was the burlesque on Radio Luxembourg which we re-named Radio Comptombourg. It opened with a rousing chorus of Comptoleenies, whatever they are, then other skits supposed to be performed by celebrities of those days, their names being thinly disguised. Who, for example, could disc jockey Crustova Scone be but Christopher Stone? And no prizes for guessing the identity of Scottish comedian Sir Harry L'Auditor. Even the old groaner himself, referred to as Bung Koffski, turned up in a Hawaiian scene with the usual romantic nonsense that crooners live for, or by. This song ended with these dreams of a climate kinder than ours:

VERSE (and worse):

So I'll go back soon
Where the south seas croon
With the rhythm my heart desires,
Where the wreath I wore
Lies red on the shore
Like a symbol of quenchless fires.
Under skies of blue
Will my dreams come true,
And my home evermore shall be made
Where the sea swings by
With a lullaby,
And the palms sing a sweet serenade.

REFRAIN (if only he would):

For ever and ever the south seas are calling;
The wind in the palm-trees is whispering low;
For ever and ever the starlight is falling
On divers at play where the cool waters flow;
The blossoms are drenched by the moon silver-gleaming
And soon must I go there and never depart:
The melodies follow me, waking or dreaming;
The Islands of Beauty have stolen my heart.

And if these verses resemble those which have appeared in recent years on your inside back cover, it may be because they were written by the same K. F. Jackson who has been your Editor throughout these twenty-one years. This is just a ruse to bring him in so that he can thank thousands of operators for their contributions, also their letters, the majority of which are far too grateful to an Editor whose best reward is the fun of doing the job.

(contd. overleaf.)

The little lady is two-year-old Joy of Wingerworth, near Chesterfield. Her mother, Mrs. Margaret Parsons, was trained at Sheffield Comptometer School. What a happy picture to conclude our present series and what a happy promise for future generations of Comptometer Operators.

The Future

Now this *Medley*, and the 1955/56 Reunions, bring to an end the first post-war series which has extended from 1946 to 1956. Felt & Tarrant hope they have brought interest and pleasure to many thousands of operators. Pending further announcements of Felt & Tarrant's activities, the Editor is not inviting readers to send further articles and photographs, but will they please continue to tell their nearest Comptometer School of any change of name or address.

To mention one more item from those old magazines, there was a picture of a tiny girl (about four years old) sitting at a Comptometer and we happen to know that she is now an operator of several years' experience in London. Furthermore, she has a sister who was not born when the photo appeared but who has now trained in London and gone out to her first job as an operator. Incidentally, their mother was also an operator and still is. So the past, present and future are linked together. On this page is another tiny girl reading last year's *Medley*. Some day, perhaps, a new generation of operators, of whom she will be one, will read a similar reminder of the passing years and talk to their husbands about sending their daughters to be trained by Felt & Tarrant. The schools will undoubtedly be larger, but there will still be the same grand family spirit that has strengthened with each generation.

Operators' Prize List

Newstead Family, London "*Five of the Best*"	£4 4 0
Mrs. M. Willes, London "*My Career*"	£4 4 0
Mrs. G. V. Smith, formerly Birmingham "*Figure Fascination*"	10 Dollars
Mrs. M. Cooper, London "*Old Time Family*"	£3 3 0
Miss A. D. Cowell, Glasgow "*A Splendid Record*"	£3 3 0
Miss E. A. Gilbert, Leicester "*Up In The Clouds*"	£3 3 0
Miss J. Higgins, Belfast "*Irish Overture*"	£3 3 0
Mrs. E. Hinton, Cardiff "*Sisters*"	£3 3 0
Miss N. Richmond, Glasgow "*Ride in Scotland*"	£3 3 0
Mrs. E. Simpson, Bradford "*Proud to be an Operator*"	£3 3 0
Miss M. Wigley, Leicester "*Holiday Princess*"	£3 3 0
Miss M. Bayliss, Leicester "*Red Cross in Leicestershire*"	£2 2 0
Mrs. E. Butler, Nottingham "*How Not to Do It*"	£2 2 0
Miss C. Cook, Glasgow "*India Queen*"	£2 2 0
Miss A. Dyer, Leicester "*Red Cross in Leicestershire*"	£2 2 0
Miss P. Hunt, London "*Old Time Dancing*"	£2 2 0
Mrs. P. Jones, Leeds "*April in Adel*"	£2 2 0
Mrs. N. Lamb, Manchester "*Bride*"	£2 2 0
Miss E. Malloy, Dublin "*Irish Fashion*"	£2 2 0
Mrs. M. Parsons, Sheffield *See this page*	£2 2 0
Miss R. Partridge, Bristol "*How To Do It*"	£2 2 0
Mrs. J. Sheard, Sheffield "*Bride and Groom*"	£2 2 0
Mrs. S. Stewart, Belfast "*Laughing Irish Eyes*"	£2 2 0
Miss B. Townson, Birmingham "*Beach Belle*"	£2 2 0
Mrs. W. M. Worthington, Manchester "*Just Look*"	£2 2 0

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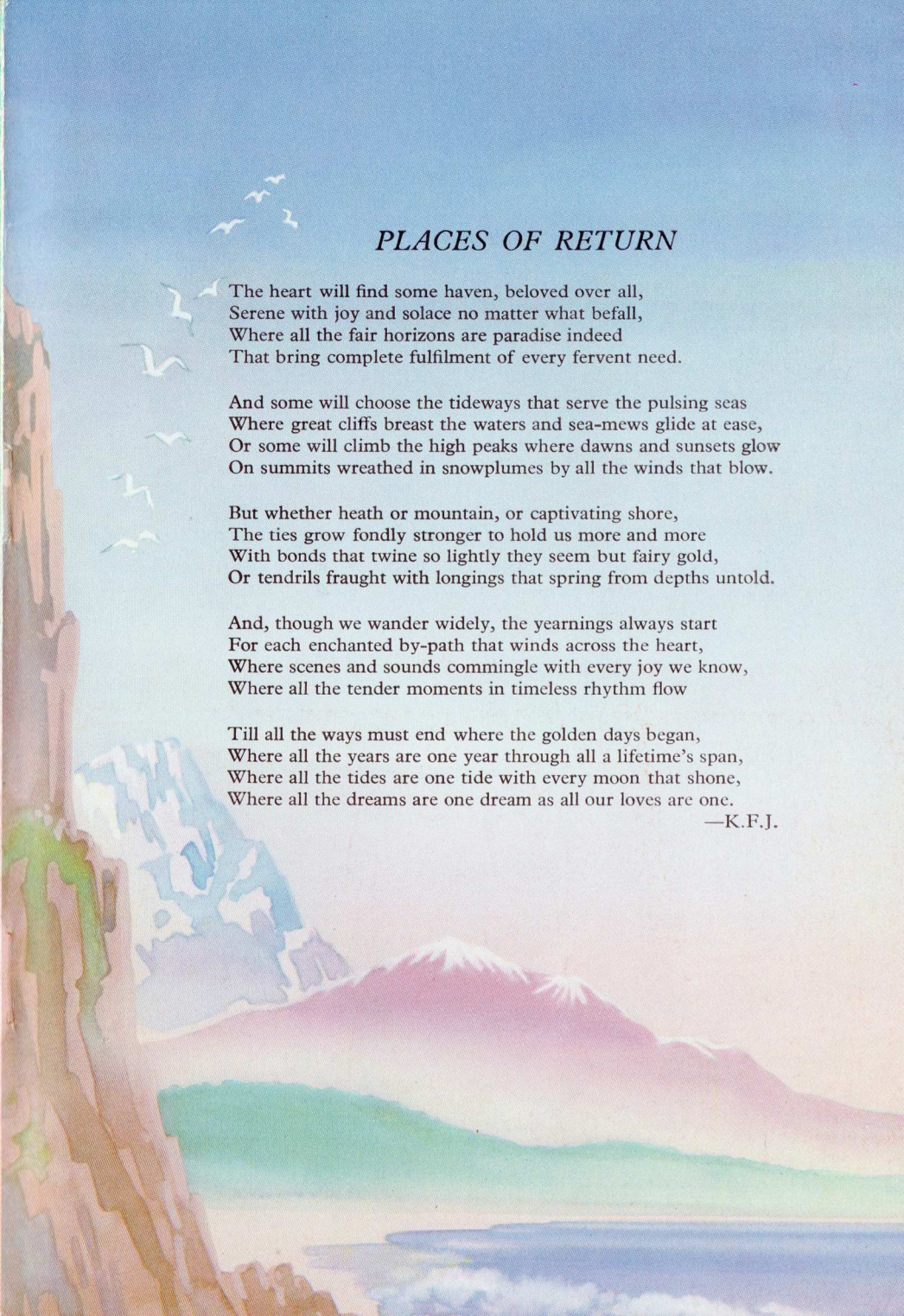

PLACES OF RETURN

The heart will find some haven, beloved over all,
Serene with joy and solace no matter what befall,
Where all the fair horizons are paradise indeed
That bring complete fulfilment of every fervent need.

And some will choose the tideways that serve the pulsing seas
Where great cliffs breast the waters and sea-mews glide at ease,
Or some will climb the high peaks where dawns and sunsets glow
On summits wreathed in snowplumes by all the winds that blow.

But whether heath or mountain, or captivating shore,
The ties grow fondly stronger to hold us more and more
With bonds that twine so lightly they seem but fairy gold,
Or tendrils fraught with longings that spring from depths untold.

And, though we wander widely, the yearnings always start
For each enchanted by-path that winds across the heart,
Where scenes and sounds commingle with every joy we know,
Where all the tender moments in timeless rhythm flow

Till all the ways must end where the golden days began,
Where all the years are one year through all a lifetime's span,
Where all the tides are one tide with every moon that shone,
Where all the dreams are one dream as all our loves are one.

—K.F.J.

THE

COMPTOMETER

A FELT & TARRANT PRODUCT

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11, Albert Street
Telephone: Colmore **4448**

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Britannia House, Leeds Road
Telephone: Bradford **27888**

BRISTOL
Pearl Assurance Buildings,
Marsh Street
Telephone: Bristol **24753**

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Telephone: Cardiff **26957**

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Halifax Chambers, High St.
Telephone: Coventry **64806**

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62, Robertson Street
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